



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

WILLIAM M. CHASE—PAINTER

THE passing of Chase is a paramount loss to those Americans who have not yet evolved beyond the worship of mere artistic *cleverness*, but which, according to that profound thinker Amiel, though "useful in everything is sufficient for nothing."

But to the lovers of the great in art, who, in their hope for the growth of the prestige of the nation through the increased production of truly great works of art, looked in vain to Chase, he is not a great loss.

As a mere painter, as a juggler of three things at once: mahlstick, brush and paint, Chase was the equal of Sargent or any other American, albeit different. No painter of the Nineteenth century except Fouace and Vollon surpassed the brilliant brushwork displayed by Chase in painting pots and pans, fish and clams. And as he did not aspire, outside of portrait painting, to much higher distinction than that of a "painter" he was a consummate success—as a mere craftsman.

He was not as powerful, not so solid a painter when he died as he was forty years ago in Munich, when he painted that superb portrait "The Lady with the Glove," which is probably his masterpiece and was bought by the Union League Club; for it is an example of solid painting certainly equal to any portrait ever painted by an American.

But it should never be forgotten that portrait-making is an art apart and of no special interest to the public outside of the immediate family relations of the subject of a portrait and to the historian unless the portrait is made the basis of a beautiful picture or of an historical picture like "The Lancers" by Velasquez in which Spinola and Justin become part of a work of art expressive of more than mere

portraits of individuals. And a portrait-maker—as such only—can never be classed with the great kings of art, those who have stirred the emotions of mankind across the ages and helped to shape the trend of our civilization.

That Chase remained merely a clever painter and never became a great artist is because he, like many other clever men, worshiped the material and mocked the spiritual. Apparently he did not have a poetic fibre in his body. Did he not in an interview, never repudiated, say: "There are no such things as poetic subjects in art—Velasquez could have painted a sublime masterpiece from a yellow dog with a tin can tied to his tail"? When he said that he pronounced his doom as a world-artist.

How could such a man be expected to produce great and high emotion-stirring works of art? Chase also is a tragedy of unfilled expectations.

But, since there are many people who cannot see beyond the clever; since therefore we must have clever things to amuse even those who do see beyond, let us be thankful for what he gave us—his wealth of dexterity, cleverness, brilliancy, even if it never reaches higher in thought than our dining-room table.

But let us not be foolish enough to call him a great artist when he was merely a most skilful technician.

However, his influence, in always insisting on great craftsmanship will always be priceless in helping us toward the gradual ushering-in of that coming period in our art activity when there will be both great craftsmen and great poets, when genius will be recognized as *combining* great artistic dexterity, grandeur of conception and magnificence of composition in one man, and in one work of art.

"PLENTY" AND "THE LIGHT OF LEARNING"

PAINTINGS BY KENYON COX

See frontispiece and page 169

MR. KENYON COX writes so much for the daily and monthly press, teaches and lectures so much and comes before the public as a painter so comparatively seldom that it is well to call attention to that side of his work. The reason is not far to seek: like Mr. Blashfield, he devotes the better part of his time to large canvases that go to large buildings; in other words, his murals interfere with his easel pictures and the public soon forgets that he has won distinction as a portrait-maker and a painter of symbols and of *genre*. He was taking Hallgarten and other prizes and medals a quarter century ago with easel paintings, and if he has been appearing more rarely at recent exhibitions, that fact is explained by the wall-paintings contributed by him to the State Capitol of Minnesota: "Contemplative Spirit of the East," or to the Appellate Court, New York: "The Reign of Law," or the Capitol of Iowa: "The Progress of Civilization," or the Federal Building in Cleveland: "Commerce Pays

Tribute to the Port of Cleveland." Mr. Cox is one of our foremost beautifiers of courthouses, as witness his "Beneficence of the Law" at Newark in the Essex County courthouse, and his "Judicial Virtues" at Wilkes-Barre in the Luzerne County hall of law. Libraries too—witness Bowdoin College that has his "Venice," the public library of Winona, Minnesota, that owns his "Light of Learning."

We reproduce through the magic hand of Timothy Cole a woodcut after Mr. Cox's "Plenty" in the National Gallery at Washington and in half-tone his "Light of Learning" now at Winona, see page 169.

Continuing our plan of bringing masterpieces by Americans before our readers, we have caused one canvas, strongly decorative in merit to be translated by the masterhand of Cole, and, as in former issues of the magazine, have added a typical specimen of his mural work rendered through the photograph in black and white.

Rarely does one find nowadays an artist who can

put on paper or canvas a drawing from the life with accuracy yet style, giving to the living or the dead object the exactitude of the academical master, yet investing this "truth to nature" with preciousness without a resort to the usual sensational tricks. Cox has known how to handle black and white in such a way as to satisfy the fastidious, although it would be wrong not to acknowledge that many of the younger artists consider his careful, conscientious drawing in the light of unnecessary slavery to methods outworn. For those, however, who are not greatly persuaded of the safety of many of the shortcuts to mastership advocated by brilliant expounders of modern ways it is difficult not to admire the preliminary studies that Mr. Cox will often exhibit along with a mural when he is able to show such work before it goes to the appointed place. They have style and they are beautiful; they are the work of a master.

It may be said, however, that as a colorist he is not so great as he is a draughtsman; his higher talent lies in black and white. This quality comes out in a certain leaning toward sculpture which he has gratified in the statue called "Greek Science" in the museum of the Brooklyn Institute where he has revealed his sensitiveness to the line in a work in the round.

"Plenty" is a gift by Mr. Wm. T. Evans to the National Gallery at Washington and is a free replica

of the large decorative composition at Newark in the Essex County courthouse entitled "Beneficence of the Law." Plenty is a woman of opulent charms with children about her; all represent the abundance of Dame Nature. Plenty herself is a fine symbol of the gifts the land bestows on ungrateful man.

The "Light of Learning" is a decoration in the public library at Winona in Minnesota which was placed there as a memorial to Charlotte Prentiss Hayes by her husband. Mrs. Hayes was one of the founders of the library and for many years was active in the management of the library.

Learning occupies a throne with decorative canopy in the center of the lunette. She has as supporters two little winged boys. The genius on the left takes from Philosophy, the figure in profile, the Torch of Learning; the genius on the right extends the torch toward the outstretched hand of Poetry, the midmost figure of the group to the right. The other figures in the left-hand group are Geography and History; the others in the right-hand group are Romance and Painting. Symmetry is insisted upon by the disposal of all three groups. In the central the little geniuses have a similar gesture; in the other two groups the nearest figures, Geography and Painting, recline in very similar poses. The love of plastic, sculptural composition in the painter comes out very clearly in this imposing composition.

IRRITATING SUBWAYS

WE commend to the public the article by Mr. Howe on page 216, because it has more than a local bearing. It is printed in the interest of the nation. For other cities of the country have or will have subways and should heed the suggestions in Mr. Howe's article.

New York's subway system has done more to brutalize New York, and through it the nation, than any other agency, by all sorts of vulgarity, greed, hypocrisy—pushing, shoving, squeezing—sardining, swearing, hating, that it has engendered.

Whom can we strike for all this? A certain ubiquitous person called: The System.

At this late date it would be wasting words to spit fire against the scandalous overcrowding, the horrible canning of men and women, white and black, clean and unclean, non-odorous and evil-smelling, the trampling of children, the aged and infirm. We can only hope that the monstrous Moloch may become merciful enough to alleviate our suffering and lessen our disgrace.

To sustain the plea of Mr. Howe against the unfortunate mechanic who designed the childish decorations and sign-placing of the subways, and to alleviate the suffering of the public, we reiterate that we need in the subways:

More easily visible signs; more benches in the

stations; at the earliest possible time *automatic station-announcers* in every car: suppression of the irritating farce of the guards calling out the station names; the right to cross over at Seventy-second Street, or any other station, and take the downtown trains free of charge, in case we are taken beyond our stations by our inability to get out of a car in time on account of the car going beyond the platform and our being prevented from going out by the bestial crowds at the rush hour, or because the guard then fails to call out the stations loud enough to be heard six feet away. Why should a poor man be compelled to pay an extra fare in order to ride back after having been taken beyond his station because of the mismanagement or insolence or stupidity of some of the employees of the Subway Company? It is grotesque!

These things can all easily be done if the Company will but make room in its heart for more of what Abraham Lincoln called: "Goodliness and love of our neighbor."

How long shall we New Yorkers and the long-suffering visitors from other cities be compelled to insult the Company, or humbly implore it—we are willing to do either or both—before we obtain surcease from the savagery that now renders the Subway odious?

TO OUR DECEMBER SUBSCRIBERS

SINCE the first twelve numbers of THE ART WORLD will form two closely related volumes and new subscribers may wish to have the two volumes of twelve numbers complete, we take this occasion of

informing those who subscribe during the month that we have copies of the October and November issues on hand to supply a limited number of subscribers.